



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Much Ado About Nothing



ATELY there has been much talk in the clubs and among men about town about the new decorations of a well-known Broadway hotel. "Splendid," "magnificent," "superb," they have been called, and the large sum of money they cost has been triumphantly stated. I have been to see these decorations. The unsavory associations connected with the name of the ostensible proprietor of the place did not, I confess, lead me to look for anything particularly refined in any decorative work that his taste might inspire; but I was hardly prepared for the deplorable display of gorgeous vulgarity that on all sides meets the view. Without even an attempt at unity of design, you find everywhere the cheapest and most tawdry "ornament" hopelessly jumbled with objects of artistic merit and intrinsic value. There is some good stained glass and good wrought metal work, and from the tinsely mass of glaring color on the walls, search will bring out clever bits of hand-made decoration. But the ensemble is a meretricious hotch-potch not to be matched in any reputable house of entertainment in the city. For any architect to claim responsibility for the result would be professional ruin.

WITH the flaunting bar-room and its pictorial nudities, theatrically lighted up under gorgeous satin canopies, the critic has nothing to do, except perhaps lament that art should be degraded by such surroundings. But another class than bar-room habitués may be expected to visit the restaurant, and one asks himself, Is it possible that any person of taste can more than once dine here, amid these gaudy surroundings and beneath that pretentiously painted ceiling, with its flying (?) allegorical figures, which look as if, at any moment, they might drop upon the banqueters? There is nowhere repose for the eye. One might suppose that the veriest tyro would see that with the comparatively low walls of the room such a heavily colored ceiling decoration is absurdly out of place. Apparently the picture is not badly executed; but it is hard to say, for at no point in the room, or out of it, can it be seen as a whole.

WITH such decorative nightmares as this as a warning, we shall probably find before long that a reaction has set in, and rich simplicity will characterize future decorations that may be made in the best hotels. There was a time in Europe when gentlemen wore gayly colored silks and satins and much gold lace; but when the sumptuary laws were repealed, and the common people affected similar costumes, and made them ridiculous by their unconscious travesties on them, the gentlemen took to plain broadcloth, and relegated their finery to their servants, who to this day wear it as a livery. Ladies have ceased to load their dresses with meaningless beadings, buttons, and upholstery fringe since the cook and the housemaid, by imitating them in cheaper materials, have showed them how vulgar these silly gew-gaws really were. In the same way, before long, it will become the fashion, I hope, for hotels and restaurants which do not cater for the custom of gamblers and the swell-mob to so furnish and decorate their rooms that nothing shall offend the eye or the senses of a person of taste.

SOME advance prints of holiday cards sent me by L. Prang & Co. indicate no falling off in the artistic color work of that enterprising house. "A Joyous Christmas" shows a group of three pretty and picturesquely attired maidens singing carols, while in the background golden bells are ringing merrily. This will certainly be a popular card; and it deserves to be, for it is not too much to say that a daintier figure

design, more harmoniously colored, has not been produced in this country by chromo-lithography. The name of the artist does not appear. The same publishers announce they are about to print on satin reproductions of flower-pieces by the famous Belgian painter Robie. These ought to prove very attractive at holiday time.

SPEAKING of the new Metropolitan Opera House—upon the cheerless white and dingy yellow interior of which the stockholders have resolved to spend some money before the re-opening of the season—The New York Herald says:

"Mr. Francis Lathrop proposes 'to gild richly the fronts and arms of all the boxes, the gallery fronts, and the proscenium arch, and to line the interior of the boxes with a deep rose-colored satin, which will bring the gold into effective relief.'"

Mr. Lathrop is the clever artist who executed the large painting of Apollo over the proscenium. It can hardly be possible that he should make such a mistake as to propose to line the boxes with rose color. The effect would be, even more than now, to give a sallow tinge to the complexion of every fair woman in the house. A worse background for an evening costume could hardly be devised. What would become of the color, for instance, of a costume of delicate Nile green? The only safe color to use is maroon, and this, with gold in masses, would greatly improve the appearance of the house. It would at least suggest warmth and comfort, now conspicuously absent. Maroon—not a very dark shade—is a good general background for bright costumes, and the best for a variety of complexions. It tones down too red a skin and, by reflection, helps a pallid one.

If you buy old enamels, says M. Eudel, look out for restorations made with gum lac. The Parisians call this sort of work "l'email à froid." A bath of alcohol will dissolve the colored gum and expose the places that have been filled with it.

PLASTER copies of Tanagra figurines are made to look like terra cotta by means of a wash of yellow ochre and brick-dust in gum-water. They are often sold for originals. The reason that forgeries are not made much in terra cotta is that the shrinkage which the clay undergoes in the kiln is very perceptible, and might easily lead to a discovery.

THE Art Year Book for 1884 has been received from Mr. John Mason Little, Vice-president and Chairman of the Committee on Exposition of the New England Institute, under the auspices of which it is published by Arthur B. Turnure, proprietor of The Art-Age Press. This is a somewhat long announcement. But the volume is worthy of it. And I may add that it is worthy of far more important letter press than it actually contains. Such sumptuous paper, perfect printing, and varied and costly illustrations as are contained within its covers would be a fit setting for a great literary work; and to lavish all these on the record of a mechanics' fair—for that, evidently, is the chief occasion of the volume—seems a prodigal waste of artistic material.

EXAMPLES of various graphic processes are given, and although some perhaps are not the strongest that might have been put forth, all well illustrate the great strides made in this country in the various photographic reproductive methods used for book-illustration. Photogravure is not represented, presumably because the secret of it is not yet known here. But the Artotype process gives admirable fac-similes of water-color drawings in monochrome by Leon Moran, William Bliss Baker, and Harry Chase. The reproduction of a flower piece by Mrs. J. Dillon, by the same process, is not so good. Etching is represented by Will H. Low; wood-engraving by Elbridge Kingsley. "Steel engraving" is shown by one of John A. Lowell & Co.'s holiday cards, by George W. Edwards; but as it was published in the fall of 1882, it is not clear why it should appear in the "Art Year Book of 1884." And is it quite fair to call it a "steel engraving?" for plainly the greater part of the plate is worked over by semi-mechanical means. Chromo-lithography is represented by L. Prang & Co.'s attractive butterfly Easter card "Resurgam," by W. Hamilton Gibson. An oil portrait by Frank Fowler as reproduced by the Albertype process gives a

rather muddy-looking photograph. An excellent sea-piece, by Edward Moran, which was in the National Academy last spring, is better done by the very similar Heliotype process; but best of all of these direct photographic reproductions is the Phototype of a painting by Walter L. Palmer. The Moss Engraving Company's fac-simile of Percy Moran's graceful pen-drawing calls for a special word of praise, and so does the Moss reproduction of Charles Sprague Pearce's "Fisherwoman," although the latter evidently owes much of its charming effect to retouching with the graver. In conclusion, it would be pleasant to commend Mr. Turnure's eccentric Japanese cover design. But it is not to my taste. Is it not time, by the way, to drop such oddities as this, and the other Japanese whim of letting fall little disconnected pictures here and there down the broad margins of the text? This latter seems to me an affectation quite out of keeping with the artistic proprieties of Occidental typography.

THE New York Times says:

"A painting of the Electoral Commission, made by a Mrs. Fassett, which was supposed to have been lost during proceedings for debt against her husband and herself, was stolen by friends and hidden until the proceedings were adjusted or discontinued. This is called 'the romance of a picture' by certain journals, and no word of rebuke is heard from them for such a flagrant piece of dishonesty and injustice. The stealing is said to have been without the knowledge or consent of the artist."

Let not The Times judge too harshly. I have seen the picture, and can affirm that the creditors have lost little by its disappearance. Neither they nor the cause of art indeed would suffer much if the painting were to be "hidden" permanently.

THE following is from The New York World:

"Director Brandt, of the new Telfair Academy of Fine Arts at Savannah, Ga., writes from Italy that he has purchased, as a nucleus of a collection, five marble statues—of Phidias, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, and Rubens—at a total cost, probably, of \$13,750, or thereabouts."

This is like a man who has no shirt buying a costly diamond pin. If, instead of buying marble statues of the great sculptors and painters, the Director had spent the money for good casts of works by Phidias and Michael Angelo, choice prints by Rembrandt, and fac-similes of famous drawings and cartoons by Raphael and Rubens, he would have the nucleus of a collection of some practical value to art students, and of educational value to the public generally. But mere statues of these great men are of no more art value than would be a statue of "Director Brandt."

DR. CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, the distinguished English authority on decorative art, I am credibly informed, will visit this country next spring on a lecturing tour. Now, if Messrs. Elliot & Bulkeley, the American agents for the poet and artist manufacturer, William Morris, could induce that gentleman to do the same thing, we might have an interesting rivalry, something like that between Seymour Haden and Hubert Herkomer on the simultaneous visit to the United States of those two artists a year or so ago.

FELIX MOSCHELES, the English portrait painter, who received many commissions in New York and Boston last winter, but was called away in the middle of his work by bad news of a domestic nature, is on his way back, and will be kept busy here all winter.

THE students of the life class at the National Academy of Design have now to work by gaslight, because the erection of Mr. Steele Mackaye's Lyceum Theatre has shut out the daylight. Class rooms outside the Academy are to be engaged.

THE London Standard has lately exposed a trick practised by knaves in the jewelry trade in England. This consists in putting gold edges of good quality to rings made of base metal. The persons who dispose of them trust to the jeweler or pawnbroker testing the rings on the edges only, when, of course, all is satisfactory. So neatly has this operation been performed, that it is really impossible, when the goods are colored up, to detect the join, the rings presenting all the appearance of good 15 carat articles. Mourning rings, which are slowly coming into fashion again, are particularly used for this description of forgery, as, owing to the enamel, the edges and interior only can be

tried. That the "mystery" is well made was evidenced a short time since, when a London refiner purchased a small piece of it under the impression that it was pure metal. Some years ago, when drop-earrings were fashionable, it was quite a usual occurrence for ordinary pins to be inserted into the interior of the pendant, then for a little hot wax to be inserted to bind them and prevent them from rattling, and then for the goods to be either pledged or sold—if the latter, generally by weight.

MONTEZUMA.

Dramatic Funnies.

Hamlet.—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?
Polonius.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet.

THIS is the month when the New York theatres are at their best. Having passed the Scylla of the Presidential election, and affrighted at the Charybdis of the Christmas holidays, the managers crowd on all sail in a desperate effort to escape loss. But their extremity is the public's opportunity. Seldom have we had in the metropolis so many different kinds of entertainments worth going to see.

All the theatres are now open and have shown us their programmes. The marked peculiarity of the season is the predominance of the foreign element. The American drama is going to the wall again, and the promise with which it began the theatrical year has not been fulfilled.

Curiously enough, in the midst of the political campaign, with hard times in Wall Street and general depression in business, the leading managers came to the conclusion that the public wanted to laugh. Why? I do not attempt to make clear the managerial logic. Perhaps it was based upon the principle of the Western hotel-keeper, who, having only one dish for breakfast, pointed a revolver at the head of his complaining guest and solemnly remarked, "Stranger, what you want is hash!"

Upon this theory, that what people wanted was to laugh, Manager Mallory, of the Madison Square, changed the whole policy of the theatre; banished the successful play, "May Blossom;" imported the London version of a German farce, "The Private Secretary;" gave a final rehearsal on a Sunday evening; allowed the actors to use profusely the profane word which is mentioned with horror in "Pinafore," and so altered the character, style, and morals of the entertainment that the regular attendants no longer know the place.

"The Private Secretary" is a very funny farce; but, like the primrose by the river's brim, it is nothing more. There is no serious interest to relieve the absurdity of the situations. You roar at it for two hours, and then go away and wonder what you have been laughing so heartily about.

You have been laughing about the miseries of an unhappy little curate, cleverly impersonated by Frank Thornton, an English comedian, who has been made the victim of all sorts of ridiculous mistakes and complications. You have been laughing at a clergyman of the Church of England.

"The Private Secretary" begins like the Charles Courtley episode in "London Assurance." A couple of men about town, in London, in debt and difficulties, take refuge at the country-house of a Max Harkaway, Squire, and one of them pretends to be the new secretary whom the Squire has engaged. A curate is the secretary really engaged, and the young fellows manoeuvre to keep him out of the way. The more the poor clergyman suffers the more the audience laugh. This is, indeed, a revolution for the Madison Square Theatre.

But the veteran Wallack is equally frivolous with "Nita's First." This, like "Confusion," is a farce about a baby, which is brought to the wrong house in a basket; left in a cab; sent to the police station, and only restored to its distracted parents when the audience are tired of screaming at its misadventures.

Thus two of our leading theatres are given up to English farces. At Daly's Theatre there is a German farce, "The Wooden Spoon," in which the interior of a morning newspaper office is supposed to be represented. For an American farce you must go to "Investigation," at the Theatre Comique.

Laughter, like hash, is a very good thing; but I

cannot believe that the public want so much of it. The drama is, after all, a serious business, and in management, as in novel writing, there is more money to be made by tears than smiles.

THE return of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and their London company to the Star Theatre gives emphasis to the thought that, even at the theatre, it is more profitable to exercise the intellect than to tickle the midriff. To sit through one of Mr. Irving's performances is an intellectual treat. There are brains in every part of it, from the leading actors to the lighting of the stage, from the management of the supernumeraries to the accompaniments of the orchestra.

At the new Lyceum Theatre, now being built on Fourth Avenue, under Steele Mackaye's superintendence, Mr. Mackaye aims to present to New York the same artistic representations for which Irving has become famous. He, too, takes serious views of his profession. He, too, puts brains into the work. In the long run this is better, even from a pecuniary point of view, than producing foreign farces.

The Union Square Theatre was opened with the new play of Elliott Barnes, an American dramatist, called "The Artist's Daughter." The action occurs in France, under the old régime; but it is an American play, nevertheless.

"Lynwood," by J. Tillotson, which filled out the preliminary season at the Union Square, would have been ten times more successful if its author had located it in foreign parts or put it back into some historical epoch, like the Revolution. The incidents were supposed to happen in Kentucky, during the Civil War, and our public are not yet ready for "Rebellion" plays, having too recently taken part in the real drama.

A Union officer falls in love with a Kentucky belle, who has a brother in the Confederate army. The lover and the brother meet, and the brother is killed, not by the lover, but by a Confederate rival. However, as the blow was struck in the dark, the lover accuses himself of being the murderer. The belle vows to kill the man who killed her brother. Her lover kneels at her feet and cries, "I am the man—kill me!" This is a strong dramatic situation; but the public missed the point of it, because they take no interest in theatrical stories of the Civil War.

Our American dramatists ought to accept the various hints given them and go abroad or into history for their subjects. The most successful American play ever written is "Hazel Kirke," and that is an English tale of the love of a lord and a miller's daughter.

DURING the last month the profession suffered three severe misfortunes. Frank Chanfrau died; John McCullough broke down, and Madame Janauschek quarrelled with the Herald, and published a pamphlet attacking that journal.

I cannot weep over Frank Chanfrau, who seemed to me to be dead professionally many years ago. He made his reputation by imitating on the stage the old New York Bowery boy, who has been for years as extinct as the dodo. He lived upon his reputation, and never, to my knowledge, acted anything else. His "Kit, the Arkansas Traveller," with which he toured the country, was simply melodramatic rubbish, and he walked through his part in it as if he felt as little interest in the medley of slang and red-fire as the intelligent portion of his audience.

John McCullough was a robust actor, who depended for his effects upon his physique. He had acted with Edwin Forrest, and he thought that he had discovered that the secret of Edwin Forrest's success was being big and strong and leonine. When his physique failed, he turned, as Forrest did, to study, and endeavored earnestly to supply the deficiencies of his early lack of education. But his mind could not endure the double strain of study and acting. After a year of struggle it gave way, and McCullough had to appeal to the kindness of a Chicago audience to forgive his weakness of body, his lapses of memory, and his imbecility.

Perhaps no man, on or off the stage, has more friends and warmer friends than John McCullough. His nature was so genial that everybody loved him. He was always ready to offer to do a kindness to anybody. It was almost impossible to criticise his acting impartially when one knew him personally.

McCullough had an extraordinary career. Born in Ireland, he was brought to Philadelphia by his parents and apprenticed to a chairmaker. He was fond of the theatre, and, one day, hearing that Neaffie, a carpenter, had become a star actor, he determined that a chairmaker should rise to a similar position. In time he worked up from the supernumerary ranks to be the leading man of Edwin Forrest's company; went with Forrest to California; made so many influential friends there that he was offered the management of the leading theatre of San Francisco; acted almost every line of parts in his own theatre, and emerged as a star, to be accepted with equal generosity by New York and London. During one of his summer trips abroad he was the guest of a nobleman at a castle in Ireland. He looked out of his window and saw, in the little village which nestled at the foot of the castle, the humble thatched cabin in which he was born. "Then," said he, "I realized, for the first time what I had done for myself, or rather what my friends had done for me." But his friends could have done nothing for him without good material upon which to work.

I add Janauschek to Chanfrau and McCullough, not humorously, but because the grand old actress takes her quarrel with The Herald so much to heart. She produced, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, a very poor melodrama, called "My Life." The Herald said that the play was a disgrace to the stage, and advised the public not to go to see it. Hence the divine anger in Janauschek's Juno-like mind.

The Herald was right in its facts, but its language was coarse, harsh, and disrespectful to an actress of Janauschek's years and reputation. The trouble is that The Herald has no dramatic critic and that ordinary reporters are sent to write about the theatres. When a police-reporter catches a star with a bad play he naturally describes her as he would an old offender caught with a counterfeit bill or in the act of thieving. Just as naturally, the actress resents such treatment.

I hope that, as Janauschek has used as hard words in her pamphlet as The Herald used against her in "My Life," that she and the paper will now kiss and be friends again. But the quarrel will not be without its benefit if it should induce Mr. Bennett to intrust his criticisms to critics. He is altogether mistaken in his policy. He would not dream of applying it to any other department of his paper. Somebody once told him that all the critics were corrupt, and he resolved never to have a critic. But have financial writers, sporting writers, publishers, and even chief editors never been detected in corruption?

Apart from every other consideration—apart from the Art standpoint from which the profession ought to be judged—so much capital is now invested in theatrical affairs that they require to be treated by experts just as much as Wall Street or the turf.

JANISCH, a Vienna actress of position, has made her New York debut, in English, at the Park Theatre; but, having seen her in only one part, and that a bad one—the heroine of a stupid English version of Schiller's "Love and Intrigue"—I reserve my opinion as to her capabilities.

She is handsome; she knows the stage perfectly; but her voice is monotonous; her acting exaggerated; her performance hard, artificial, unsympathetic. But her faults may be occasioned by her strenuous effort to speak English intelligibly, and I wait to give her the chance to conquer a language which, on the first night, completely conquered her.

The Théo season of French opera, at Wallack's, was noticeable only for the production of two new operas, "Madame Boniface" and "Fanchon." The former was a comedy with occasional music. The latter was an echo of "La Fille de Madame Angot." The public took very little interest in Théo. They are waiting for Judic.

It is settled that the company engaged by Dr. Damrosch are to give us, not German opera, but opera in German, at the Metropolitan. By the same token, Colonel Mapleson is to offer, not Italian opera, but opera in Italian, at the Academy. German opera has its uses; but if we are to have operas which are not German, why not sing them in a language which is singable? Dr. Damrosch should have the courage of his convictions. Either our people are educated up to Wagner or they are not. If not, they do not want to hear "Il Trovatore," say, in German.